

EULOGIUM
ON THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Late President of the United States,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

April 24, 1841.

BY

THOMAS WILLIAMS, Esq.

Senator from Allegheny County.

PITTSBURGH:

PRINTED BY W. S. HAVEN, CORNER OF WOOD AND THIRD STREETS.





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HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Hon. THOMAS WILLIAMS :

Dear Sir—The undersigned, a joint committee appointed for that purpose by the Senate and House of Representatives, respectfully ask the favor of a copy of the admirable address delivered by you on the 24th instant, on the life, services and character of the late President of the United States.

In common with the rest of their fellow-citizens, and a large crowd of citizens, they listened to your eloquent eulogy with unmingled delight, and they trust you will cheerfully comply with their wishes for the publication of a discourse of such deep and lasting interest.

Truly, your obedient servants,

WM. F. JOHNSTON,
ISAAC MYER,
R. P. FLENNIKEN,
E. A. PENNIMAN,
R. M. BARR,

Committee of House of Representatives.

E. KINGSBURY, JR.,
THOS. E. COCHRAN,
S. F. HEADLEY,
WM. HEISTER,
WM. B. REED,

Committee of Senate.

HARRISBURG, April 26, 1841.

SENATE CHAMBER, April 26, 1841.

GENTLEMEN—I am honored by your communication of this morning, on behalf of the Senate and House of Representatives, requesting for publication a copy of the address delivered by me on the 24th instant, before them, on the character and services of the late President of the United States.

I am not insensible to the many imperfections of the performance to which your communication refers, and cannot, therefore, but feel how entirely undeserving it is of the distinction which the Legislature has been pleased to accord to it. Such as it is, however, it is the property of those at whose instance it was delivered, and if they have deemed it worthy of preservation, it is not for me to refuse my assent to that or any other disposition which they may think proper to make of it. It is accordingly at their service.

Allow me, gentlemen, to add my acknowledgments to you personally, for the very flattering terms in which you have executed your commission.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. WILLIAMS.

Wm. F. Johnston, Isaac Myer, R. P. Flenmiken, E. A. Penniman, R. M. Barr, E. Kingsbury, Jr., Thos. E. Cochran, Samuel F. Headley, Wm. Heister and W. B. Reed, Esqs. composing the joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives.

EULOGY.

SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES:

It is no common task which your partiality has assigned me. It is no common event which has assembled us together. To me belongs not now the grateful theme which stirs the public pulse on some high festival commemorative of the glorious past. No joyous ceremonial—no inaugural fete is this, which has this day gathered the representative majesty of the people of Pennsylvania within this hall. The emblems of woe are around us; a nation is clad in the habiliments of mourning, and the voice of wailing and lamentation is heard upon every breeze. The head of this great Republic, the elect of this mighty people, the idol of a nation's hopes, called so recently from his retirement to preside over the destinies of this glorious sisterhood of States—the soldier, the statesman, the sage, the patriot HARRISON is no more! Yes! the illustrious man, who but yesterday, on the steps of the Federal Capitol, under the shadow of our national banner, and in the presence of the assembled thousands who were congregated together from the remotest extremities of this broad land, to witness the sublime spectacle, pronounced the solemn vow of fealty to the Constitution, and invoked the Ruler of the Universe to attest the sincerity of the pledge which he then gave, has already laid down the high commission with

which he was invested, and with it all the symbols of command, and yielding to the summons of Omnipotence with the same cheerful submission with which he has ever obeyed the calls of duty here, has been translated from the scene of his responsibilities on earth, to the scene of a higher responsibility in heaven. The silver cord has been loosed: the tongue which was then eloquent of truth is now mute forever, even while its last echoes are yet lingering upon the ear; the eye which then kindled with the inspirations of an exalted patriotism, is already sealed in eternal sleep; and the heart which then throbbed with the deepest anxiety for a nation's welfare is forever at rest. The pageant and the procession—the nodding plume—the gallant array—the braying of the trumpet, and the trampling of the horse, have passed away; the high hope, the animated pulse is gone; the curtain of death has descended over the spirit-stirring scene; the idol of that day—"the cynosure of all eyes"—"the observed of all observers"—is already gathered to his fathers; and those who swelled his triumphal cavalcade, as it moved in the direction of the capitol, have, in one short month, been again summoned to follow in silence and sadness, and with downcast eyes, the sable hearse which conveyed his mortal remains to "the house appointed for all the living." What a change is here! How sudden, how abrupt the transition from sunlight to gloom! Who is insensible to its influence? Who hath not realized, in this melancholy reverse, the nothingness of all human pomp—the stern and startling admonition which it conveys? Who hath not felt the warm current of life turned backward to its source, by the earthquake shock which has suspended the general pulse of the nation, and hushed even the tempest of party into repose? Who hath not been subdued by the common calamity which has made us feel

that we are men, and has at the same time reminded us that we are the children of a common country, into a momentary forgetfulness that he had ever been a party-man? Who does not feel that such a loss, at such a time, and under such circumstances, is indeed a national bereavement? Who does not mourn over it as a national calamity? The venerable man whose loss we so deeply deplore, though nominated by a party, became by the choice of the nation, and under the forms of our Constitution, the President of the people. It is not too much to say of him, that he possessed the confidence of that people in a higher degree perhaps than any individual living. It is equally true, that to his long experience, his tried integrity, and his exalted patriotism, they looked for deliverance from the many embarrassments which now surround them. They had the assurance at least, in his past life, of inflexible honesty and upright intention. Whether his administration of the affairs of this great nation would have realized in all respects the high wrought expectations of those who had garnered up their hopes in him, is not now the question. It is enough that the people trusted him. The loss of such a man in any great national extremity, and before he has enjoyed the opportunity of testing his adaptation to the wishes and wants of those who have conferred upon him their highest honors, is always a public calamity.

But it is not merely as the head of this great nation that we are assembled to pay our solemn tribute of affection to the memory of the distinguished dead. He has other, and earlier, and perhaps higher titles to our regard. The last and greatest of your gifts, was not merely a payment in advance for services thereafter to be rendered. It was richly earned, before it was bestowed. It was but the tardy acknowledgment of a long arrear of toils and sacrifices, the crowning reward of a

protracted and laborious life, expended in the service of the country, in the protection of its infant settlements, and in the advancement not more of its happiness than its renown. The name of HARRISON has long adorned the brightest pages of our country's history, and those who live beyond the mountains will bear me witness when I say, that there at least, for more than five and twenty years, it has been equally embalmed in story, and immortalized in song. The individual who addresses you is old enough to remember the time when that name was as familiar to the ear of childhood as a nursery tale, for often has he heard the western mother hush her infant with the ballad of the Prophet's fall, or tell her listening boys that their father or their brethren were out under the gallant HARRISON on the perilous frontier. Many years have elapsed since it was publicly affirmed of him by one who has enjoyed a large share of the popular honors—a gallant soldier himself, who bears upon his body, in numerous scars, the honorable and enduring testimonials of his own devotion to the country—that “the history of the West was *his* history.” And what a history is that! Surely no pen of ancient chronicle has ever told, no fiction of the poet ever framed a tale, which will compare in interest with that which records the early struggles of the founders and defenders of that mighty empire, which has sprung up like enchantment upon our western border, and is still stretching its ample wing, and pouring its living tides in the direction of the setting sun. To have been associated with those struggles so intimately as to have become a part and parcel of such a history, were distinction enough to have secured to any man a deathless name. No conqueror ever reposed in a prouder mausoleum than this; no loftier monument has ever risen, either at the bidding of ambition, or under the affectionate hands of public gratitude,

to the founder of a dynasty, or the defender of a throne. The pyramids of the Egyptian kings themselves shall moulder into dust, before the early records of that fair and happy realm, or the names of those gallant spirits who led their forefathers through the wilderness, shall perish from the recollections of that mighty people who are now diffusing themselves in myriads over its surface, and are destined one day to be multitudinous as the stars of heaven. The history of that wondrous realm is now the history of the broadest and fairest portion of our Union. And so, too, is the whole life of its defender, HARRISON. The last few years have given to its tales of stirring incident and startling peril, an interest of a still broader and more diffusive character, and twined its thrilling and romantic narrative of border achievement more intimately than ever with the lasting glories of our common land. But they have only brought out into bolder relief the rich memorials of a most eventful life, which lie scattered in bountiful profusion through many a page of that narrative. A large portion of that life has been already written, and the Muse of History now stands ready to fling her rainbow tints over its illuminated close. She has already told how the warrior and patriot has lived: she will now tell how the patriot could die. I will not encroach on her province. Mine is the humbler task of delineating, with a hurried hand, the mere outline of a long and eventful career, and of pointing out a few of those elevations, swelling most boldly above the level of ordinary life, on whose summits the sunlight of renown will linger, long after the shadows of many generations shall have settled upon the plain. Bear with me, then, while I endeavor to perform this task, and suffer me also to gather, as we proceed, from the richly enameled field which lies in shade, an occasional offering for the fresh grave of the departed chief.

Half a century ago, a stripling boy of the tender age of eighteen years arrived in the town where we are now assembled, bearing the commission of an Ensign in the armies of the United States, and on his way to join the gallant but ill-fated St. Clair on the north-western frontier. There are those lingering amongst us yet, who remember the fragile frame, but manly port of that chivalrous boy, who, nursed in the lap of affluence and elegant refinement, had disdained the inglorious remonstrances of his elders, and forsaking friends, and family, and all the luxurious ease and indolence of home, had taken upon himself the soldier's vow, and dedicated his life to the dangerous service on which he was now about to enter. That boy was no other than WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the subject of the present sketch, the future Commander of our armies, and the future President of the United States. The scion of a noble stock, pointing for his pedigree to the imperishable charter of our independence—a broader and a prouder patent than the hand of a crowned monarch ever gave—and numbering amongst his kindred many of the most distinguished men of the Revolution, but without any other patrimony than his own good sword, a finished education, and an immortal name, he had just abandoned the study of a peaceful profession, for which he had been carefully prepared, and was now on his way to seek his fortune in the western wilderness. The ardor and determination which animated the boy may be inferred from an anecdote which is related of him by one of his earliest biographers. He had just been dispatched by his father to the city of Philadelphia, for the purpose of pursuing his studies under the direction of the best medical professors of the day, and had been placed by him under the immediate guardianship of the celebrated Robert Morris. The death of that parent, which occurred whilst he was on his

journey, and was soon after followed by the information that his estate had been greatly dilapidated by his services and sacrifices in the war of the Revolution, left him almost entirely without resource. But he was not without friends. The son of Benjamin Harrison could not want a friend where the compatriots of his father were around him. A lucrative office in the Department of State was tendered to him by his kinsman Edmund Randolph, then acting Secretary, which he declined. His high spirit would not stoop to eat the bread of dependence; his ambition was awakened, and his thoughts were now turned in another direction. He repaired at once to the great chief who had been the friend of his father, and was now at the head of the government, and solicited a commission in the North-western army. General Washington hesitated, referred to his extreme youth, and drew an animated picture of the hardships and dangers of the service which he was seeking. The ardor of the boy was not to be repressed; the commission was promised. The fact was, however, immediately communicated by Washington himself to Robert Morris, and no sooner known to the latter, than a messenger was dispatched at once in pursuit of his wayward ward, with an intimation that he desired to see him. Young HARRISON suspecting the object, flew immediately to the War office, took out his commission, subscribed the necessary oaths, and then appeared before his guardian, when he was assured that constraint and remonstrance would be alike unavailing. He was now the soldier of the Republic, and it was with that commission in his pocket that he had set out to join the North-western army.

The hazards of that enterprise can scarcely be appreciated at the present day. At the period of which I speak, the whole of that vast region west of the Ohio, which now composes the great states of Ohio, Indiana,

Illinois, Missouri and Michigan, and comprises within its limits a population equal to that of the old thirteen during the war of the Revolution, was nothing but one vast, unbroken, howling wilderness, tenanted only by wild beasts or still wilder men, and sleeping in the universal silence which had brooded over it since the creation. From Pittsburgh west, far, far beyond the mountain cradle of "the father of waters"—beyond even the sources of Missouri's mighty flood—throughout an untraveled and almost illimitable wild, over which scarce any thing living, save the wing of the adventurous eagle, had ever swept—all was original, undisturbed, magnificent wilderness—the domain of nature—the dwelling place of the savage. The beautiful Ohio, whose bosom is now freighted with the commerce of thirteen states, whose waters are now plowed by a thousand animated keels instinct with elemental life, and whose margin is now dotted with hamlets and towns and cities, then traveled onward in its long and silent journey, gathering the redundant tribute of its thousand rills, with no sound, no life to disturb its glassy repose, save the plash of the occasional canoe which darted across its surface, the ripple of the solitary pirogue which dropped lazily down its current—or mayhap the report of the savage rifle from some sheltered covert on its banks, which awoke its unaccustomed echoes, startled the wild fowl screaming from its bosom, and told the fate of some hapless adventurer, who had embarked his fortunes on its smooth but treacherous tide. The whole frontier extending eastward even into our own state, was then the theatre of border war. Already one gallant army had perished in the vain attempt to hunt the ruthless red man back into his forest haunts. The savage tribes, animated by their partial success, maddened by the encroachments of the white man, and stimulated into unusual ferocity by the lar-

gesses of Great Britain, were unloosed from their forests, and pouring down like wolves upon the settlements, while the thirsty tomahawk and the unsparing scalping knife were drinking deeply of the blood of our people. The whole frontier was in flames. At the dead hour of midnight the repose of the settler was broken by the appalling war-whoop, and if he ventured from home during the day, it was most probably to find on his return, that his dwelling was in ashes, and his hearth-stone red with the blood of his children.

It was under such circumstances that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON first volunteered his life in the defense of the country. It was on such a field, where so few laurels were to be gathered—it was on such a service, from which the stoutest soldier might well have shrunk, that this gallant boy had just adventured. A second army had been dispatched to chastise the insolence of the savage, under General St. Clair, and it was for the purpose of enrolling himself under the banners of that commander, that he was now hastening with all the ardor of a bridegroom in the direction of the Ohio. It was not, however, his fortune to reach the place of his destination until a few days after the disastrous defeat which that officer had sustained near the Miami villages. Instead, therefore, of a well appointed army, full of hope, and panting for the conflict, he was doomed to meet the shattered, bleeding and retreating remnant of a gallant host, which had just left the bones of many a brave companion to bleach unburied in the deep solitudes of the pathless wilderness. The destruction of this ill-fated band had cast a deeper shadow than ever over the fortunes of the West. For a young and ardent soldier, the prospect was indeed gloomy beyond description. The maintenance and defense of a long line of posts had devolved upon the slender remains of this broken army.

Again did the remonstrances of his friends assail the youthful HARRISON. Again was he reminded of the toils and perils to which he was exposed, and again was he urged, in the strong language of entreaty as well as expostulation, to abandon a service to which his slender frame and delicate constitution were supposed to be unequal. Nothing daunted, however, by the appalling picture which was presented to him, and feeling that he had pledged his honor as well as his life, to abide the issue, he turned a deaf ear alike to the suggestions of indolence, and the importunities of friendship, and being soon after detailed upon a difficult and dangerous service, he acquitted himself with so much satisfaction, as to receive the public thanks of his commander. In the year following he was promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant.

In the mean time, however, the war had assumed so formidable an aspect, that it became necessary to take more decided and vigorous measures for its suppression. A new army was ordered to be raised, and the discriminating eye of General Washington at once singled out a distinguished officer of the Revolution—the hero of Stony Point—the intrepid and impetuous Wayne—as the man best fitted to arrest the encroachments of the savage, and to carry the terror of our arms into his forest fastnesses. Nor was the sagacity of the President disappointed in the result. Dearly, indeed, did he avenge the disasters of Harmar and St. Clair—dearly, indeed, did he pay back the debt of blood which had been incurred on the frontier—so dearly, that for many a long year the very name of Mad Anthony—as he was familiarly styled—was a terror throughout all the tribes of the Northwest. But he had an army to organize, as well as to discipline. Most of the experienced officers who served under St. Clair had either fallen in battle, or surrendered their

commissions; and no sooner had his eagle eye fallen upon our young subaltern, who joined him at Fort Washington (now Cincinnati), in the month of June, 1793, than recognizing in him a spirit kindred to his own, he grappled him to his side, and raised him, at the age of twenty, to the honorable rank of his second Aid. In such a school he could not be long inactive. The army soon after marched in the direction of Greenville, where they were obliged to go into winter quarters, and on the opening of the campaign in the next following year, they roused the savage from his lair, and drove him before them until they brought him to bay on the 20th day of August, near the Rapids of the Miami. The contest was a fearful one, but the star of Mad Anthony was in the ascendant, and victory perched, as of old, upon his successful banner. The confederate tribes of Indians, reinforced by their Canadian allies, and more than doubling in number the little band of the American commander, reeled before the shock of his invincible battalions, and were driven, with prodigious slaughter, under the very guns of a British fort, which had been recently erected at that point. The gallantry and good conduct of Lieutenant HARRISON, who had been intrusted with the difficult and dangerous task of forming the left wing of the American forces in that action, were made the subject of the warmest commendation in the dispatches of his commander; and it is no small evidence of merit of the very highest order, that the first virgin wreath which adorned his youthful brow, was twined around it by the hands of a disciplinarian so stern and rigid as the unbiassed and uncompromising Wayne. The individual who now addresses you, has heard a portion of the details of that eventful day, from one who fell upon that bloody field, pierced through the lungs by a musket ball, and still miraculously survived to bear his personal testimony

to the unshrinking valor of his young comrade and companion in arms. He saw his lofty plume dancing along the front of the battle—he witnessed him hurrying from rank to rank, cheering the faint and rallying those who wavered, and he heard the clear tones of his clarion voice ringing above the din of the battle, as he communicated in every direction the orders of his commander.

The victory of the Maumee humbled the savage tribes, secured the surrender of the frontier posts, and terminated the war in the treaty of Greenville. Our young adventurer, then advanced to the rank of a Captain, was left by General Wayne in the command of Fort Washington, where he remained until 1797, when finding that the country no longer required his services in the capacity of a soldier, he resigned his commission in the army, and was immediately thereafter appointed Secretary, and ex-officio Lieutenant Governor, of the North-western territory.

He was not, however, permitted to remain long in that position. The admission of that territory to a representation on the floor of Congress, was the signal for his translation to a different sphere. His extraordinary merits, and great personal popularity, indicated him at once to the people of that region as the individual who, above all others, was best qualified to represent their vast and varied interests, and in obedience to the general voice, he took his seat in the year 1799, as their first representative delegate in the councils of the nation.

The period of his civil service was not less distinguished or successful than his career as a military man. He had already rendered the most important aid in conquering the fair realm, with whose interests he was now intrusted, from its native lord; he was now about to perfect his title to the gratitude of the West, by conquering it once more from the wild dominion of nature herself.

by opening up a highway for the emigrant, and peopling its vast but unproductive solitudes with a great family of freemen. The policy of the general government in regard to the public lands had been of such a character as to retard their settlement and growth, by dividing them into tracts of three or four thousand acres only, and thus placing them beyond the reach of the poor but meritorious settlers. The first public act of their new Representative was the introduction of a bill to effect a radical change of that system, by reducing the amount to three hundred and twenty acres. The zeal and ability and eloquence of its advocate secured its passage, and the principle has been still further extended under subsequent administrations. Its results are before us in the teeming population and giant power of the yet infant West. Other conquerors have made a desert where they found a Paradise, and erected their sceptres over unpeopled realms, where the very verdure had fled from the blasted and bloody heath before the sirocco breath of war. It was the boast of Attila, that no blade of grass ever grew beneath the fiery hoof of his war-horse. It is the glory of HARRISON, that his far-reaching sagacity has "made the solitary places glad," unfurled the standard of civilization in the wilderness, and founded an empire where he found a solitude. If his career had ended here, he would have been richly entitled to the eternal gratitude of the West. He has lived long enough to feel that it remembered the hand which had nursed it into strength, and long enough to reign with undivided sway over the hearts of its people.

But his services did not end here. The division of the immense district which he represented, and the erection of the new territory of Indiana, furnished a fresh occasion for the exhibition of that confidence which had placed him already in the councils of the nation. The

choice of the Executive, concurring with the wishes of the people, again invested him with the high functions of a Territorial Governor. The region over which he was now called to preside, extending as it did at one time, from the straits of Mackinaw to the gulf of Mexico—from the frozen lakes of the North to the orange groves of Louisiana—comprised a province such as no Roman prætor, no lieutenant of the Cæsars, had ever governed in the proudest days of the Roman empire. The powers intrusted to his hands were almost equally unlimited. The highest attribute of sovereignty, the enactment of laws—the appointment of all officers and magistrates, military as well as civil—the supreme command of the militia—the distribution of his extended jurisdiction into counties and townships—and the general superintendence of the affairs of the Indian tribes—who were restless and impatient of restraint, were but a few of the imperial prerogatives which were conferred on him. To all these vast powers were added by Mr. Jefferson the authority of a General Commissioner to treat with the Indian tribes, under which he negotiated not less than thirteen important treaties, and effected the surrender of more than sixty millions of acres of land by its savage proprietors. The manner in which he executed this high trust, larger, in many respects, than any which had ever been delegated to any one man in this country, and therefore extremely susceptible of abuse, may be inferred from the fact, that the commission which he professed to hold only under the will of the people, was renewed from time to time at their earnest and unanimous request, by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, until it was merged at last in the command of the North-western army.

But he wielded no idle sceptre. He was the military as well as civil head of the territory over which he presided, and he had a country to defend as well as to gov-

ern. The vast region which had been committed to his charge was in a great measure a wilderness, with here and there only a white inhabitant, but swarming with the remnants of many a hostile tribe, smarting under the recollection of past conflicts, and ever ready to wreak their implacable and undying hate upon the white man, by carrying devastation and dismay into the settlements. Nor was the border warrior less prompt in repairing such injuries, whenever the opportunity occurred to him. The causes of irritation were frequent; the ancient and irrepressible feud between the red and the white man flashed up into hostilities at every accidental collision, and if the incendiary torch descended upon his home, the blood of the savage smoked as an expiatory offering over the embers of the white man's dwelling. To keep down these feuds, and to afford full protection to the settler, while he practiced entire forbearance and uniform conciliation toward the savage, was the delicate and difficult task which was assigned to him by the general government. He succeeded for a long time in holding the balance between them, and preserving the peace of the settlements, without forfeiting the confidence of either, and while he secured the affections of the pioneer, his kindness and impartiality propitiated the good will, while his firmness and courage overawed the turbulence, and repressed the predatory habits of the Indian.

But the long smothered fire, industriously fed by the money and the emissaries of Great Britain, at length flamed out into an open rupture. The prospect of an impending outbreak with that country redoubled the activity of its agents, and the dark and portentous cloud of savage warfare began to gather and blacken on the western horizon. The gigantic plan of a confederation of all the north-western tribes for the purpose of reconquering the territory which they had lost, was set on

foot by a leader of great enterprise and sagacity, and of uncommon valor, in the person of the famous Shawanese chief—the renowned Tecumthe. With him was associated a brother of less ability, but of no less distinction, and of perhaps more commanding influence, who was generally designated by the title of the Prophet, because he was so esteemed throughout all the tribes. Under the auspices of these two men, the scattered elements of discontent and mischief were gathered together at a place of common rendezvous on the Wabash, near the mouth of the Tippecanoe, and known afterward by the name of the Prophet's town.

But the wary eye of the governor was upon them, and at the first symptom of threatened disturbance, arising out of the treaty which he had negotiated at Fort Wayne with several of the tribes, in the absence of Tecumthe himself, he dispatched a messenger to invite him to a conference. The chieftain came, not unattended, as was agreed, but with a formidable escort of no less than four hundred armed warriors in his train. The meaning of such an attendance could not be mistaken. But the governor was not to be intimidated. He met the savage chief, and listened with calmness to his complaint. No sooner, however, had he replied, than Tecumthe, for all answer, fiercely ejaculated, "It is false;" and on the instant, as though by some preconcerted signal, his followers started to their feet and brandished their war-clubs, while he continued to address them in their own language, with great rapidity of enunciation and equal violence of gesture. The crisis was a fearful one, but the self-possession and intrepidity of the governor were fully equal to the occasion. Though unattended but by a handful of guards, he rose with dignity from his seat—coolly drew his sword—rebuked the perfidy of the Indian—and ordered him to withdraw at once from the set-

tlements. The conference was broken up in confusion, and the savages, overawed by the gallant bearing and manly determination of the governor, withdrew without further disturbance. On the following morning, Tecumthe apologized for the affront, and solicited a renewal of the conference, which was granted. It took place, but without any favorable result, and a few days after its termination, the governor, still anxious to conciliate the powerful chief, repaired in person to his camp, attended only by a single interpreter. The savage was surprised. He could not but respect the courage of his enemy, and he received him with kindness and courtesy, though without receding from the determination which he had previously announced, of disregarding the treaty, and maintaining his ancient boundary. The story sheds so strong a light upon the character of HARRISON, that I have felt it to be my duty to give it a place in the present narrative.

In the meantime, however, the breath of the coming tempest, which had been so long gathering on the horizon, began to agitate the leaves of the forest, and the low muttering of the distant thunder to be heard in the settlements. The war-belt—the fiery cross of the red man—was passing through the wilderness, and in obedience to its summons, the warriors of the wilds were thronging to the standard of the Shawanese chiefs. The indications were now so apparent of a great preconcerted movement, and a general rising among the tribes, that the governor of Indiana, whose sagacity on such occasions was never at fault, admonished of the necessity of taking early and vigorous measures for the suppression of the evil, was induced to seek, and obtained permission from the general government, to break up the encampment on the Wabash, which was the general rallying point of the disaffected, and where it was understood

that more than a thousand warriors were already collected, and under arms. With a force of about nine hundred men, composed of the militia of his territory, a detachment of regular troops, and a small but gallant band of Kentucky volunteers, but with his hands tied by a positive instruction to avoid hostilities, except in the last resort, he accordingly commenced his march on the 20th of October, 1811. His commission was exceedingly delicate and difficult. His mission was peace; his only privilege, in the face of a savage enemy who might select his own time and place for an attack, was the humble privilege of self-defense, whenever he might be assailed. When he arrived within a few miles of the Prophet's town, he sent in a flag of truce, in pursuance of his instructions, for the purpose of opening a negotiation for a treaty of peace. The answer of the Prophet was friendly. He disclaimed all hostile intention, and pledged himself to meet his adversary in council on the following day. But Governor HARRISON understood the Indian character too well to be thrown off his guard by protestations such as these. He accordingly halted, and placed his camp in a posture of defense.

The night of the 6th of November was dark and cloudy. On that memorable night, a gallant little band might have been seen stretched in fitful and uneasy slumber, by their watch-fires near the Wabash, under the shadow of the ancient but now leafless oaks, which reared their giant heads around. Here, in the order of battle, and with his arms and accoutrements by his side, lay the wearied foot-soldier, with his head pillowed upon his knapsack; there, the border knight, endued in all the panoply of war, reclined at the feet of his faithful steed; and yonder, tethered to the door post of an humble tent, pawed the impatient charger of the chief himself. The deep solitude of the forest, which was so lately startled

by the armed array, had again subsided into repose. No sound disturbed the quiet, save the sighing of the autumnal wind, as it swept through the arms of the aged oaks which canopied their heads, or the occasional challenge of the sentinel, as he measured his midnight rounds. On a sudden, about the hour of four in the morning, and just when the tap of the morning drum was about to arouse the sleepers from their repose, a single shot was heard, and on the instant the yell of a thousand savages rent the quiet air, and the flash of a thousand rifles lighted up the deep gloom of the primeval forest. The onset was no less terrible than sudden. The savages were in their midst, but every soldier was in his place, and the assailant and assailed were soon locked in the embrace of death. In the twinkling of an eye, the watchful governor, who had been sitting by his tent-fire conversing with his aids, and waiting the approach of dawn, was on horseback, and at the point of danger, and throughout the whole of that action was he seen, himself the most exposed of all, galloping from point to point, wherever the contest waxed fiercest, fortifying the positions where the fire was most destructive, and animating his troops by his voice as well as by his example. And nobly was he seconded by his gallant men. For two long hours did the contest rage, for the most part hand to hand, throughout the gloom, until the dawn of the morning lighted up that field of blood, and enabled the American commander, by one simultaneous charge along his whole line, to put the enemy to flight.

The history of our country has furnished the example of few fields which have been as stoutly contested as this, and it has been remarked by those who were familiar with the practice of Indian warfare, that on no other occasion has the savage been known to exhibit the same degree of determined, and desperate, and persevering

valor. The slaughter on both sides was considerable. Many of the bravest of our officers fell. That General HARRISON himself should have escaped, is almost a miracle. He was slightly wounded by a ball which passed through the rim of his hat, but he bore, like Washington, a charmed life, because, like him, he was destined for higher purposes.

The result of this action was decisive. The confederacy of the hostile tribes was dissolved by the disasters of this day, and peace and quiet were once more restored to the alarmed frontier. The invaluable services of Governor HARRISON were recognized in the most flattering terms by President Madison, in his next annual message to Congress, and his skill and heroism were made the theme of special panegyric by the legislatures of Kentucky and Indiana, by whom he was publicly thanked in the names of their respective constituents.

The tranquility which followed was, however, of short duration. In less than one year after the battle of Tippecanoe, the long threatened war with Great Britain took place. The tribes of the North-west were again in arms, straining like greyhounds in the slips, and waiting but the signal of their civilized employers, to carry havoc and devastation once more into the settlements. The whole frontier was almost entirely defenseless. With the fall of Detroit, which was soon after invested by the British, no barrier would be left to stem the torrent of barbarian war, except the stout hearts and strong arms of the inhabitants. They were, however, ready, as they have ever been, for the emergency. All they desired was a leader of approved courage and undoubted skill, and every eye was turned at once upon the successful soldier, who had so recently humbled the pride, and broken the power of the Indian upon the Wabash. The chivalry of Kentucky was first upon its feet. Upward

of five thousand of her citizens were already in arms, and the governor of that state invited him to a conference in relation to the disposal of the troops which she was about raising for the defense of the country. He repaired to Frankfort, in pursuance of the invitation, and was received there with more than a soldier's welcome. But higher honors were yet in reserve for him. The volunteers of Kentucky were under the command of her ablest citizens. Two thousand of them were ordered at once for the relief of Detroit; but no sooner was their destination announced, than they, with one consent, declared their earnest desire to be placed under the command of HARRISON. The wishes of the people corresponded with the sentiments of the soldiery. But the laws of Kentucky forbade the appointment of any other than one of her own citizens to so exalted a trust. In this dilemma, the Executive consulted with the most distinguished men of the state, and by their unanimous advice he disregarded the prohibition, and conferred upon Governor HARRISON the brevet rank of a Major General in the Kentucky militia, with express authority to take the command of her troops who were destined for the frontier.

In the very midst of all these preparations, the intelligence of the dastardly surrender of Hull, and the fall of Detroit, descended like a thunderbolt upon the people of the West, and spread consternation and dismay throughout all their borders. But the re-appearance of the heroic governor of Indiana, at the head of the Kentucky levies, restored the public confidence at once. The intelligence of his appointment to the chief command thrilled like the electric spark along the whole line of the frontier. The hardy settler on the upper Ohio sprung to his arms; the men of "the bloody ground" came up in thousands to the standard of their favorite chief; and even the

dwellers beyond our own mountains—the yeomanry of Western Pennsylvania—acknowledging the generous impulse, and fired by the common enthusiasm which pervaded the whole West, abandoned their plows in the furrow, and snatched down their rifles from the wall. The arrival of General HARRISON was welcomed with shouts of applause by the volunteers assembled in the state of Ohio. The President of the United States had, in the meantime, without the knowledge of what had transpired in the West, bestowed the chief command on General Winchester, an officer who had gathered experience and distinction in the war of the Revolution, and invested General HARRISON with the rank of a Brigadier; but the judgment of the people reversed the decision of the President, and in conformity with the unanimous wishes of the army, who were only reconciled to the change by the assurance that it would be of brief duration, he raised the defender of the frontier at once to the highly honorable, but most arduous trust of Commander-in-Chief of the North-western army.

But his was no holiday distinction. To him the triple duty was assigned, of defending a long line of frontier, of retaking Detroit, and of carrying the war into the province of Upper Canada. To accomplish all this, he had a force at his disposal of about ten thousand men. But they were raw and inexperienced, unaccustomed to habits of obedience or to the discipline of a camp, enlisted generally for short terms of service, and governable only by the personal influence of their commander. He was, moreover, without military stores or munitions of war, without magazines, or depots, or fortified posts, and thus ill-provided, with these slender and unequal means, he was expected to traverse an almost impassable wilderness, and to encounter, in the wily savage and the well-trained veteran, a combination of force such as no other

American general had perhaps ever met. But he accomplished it all, and to the astonishment and admiration of the whole country, he achieved this great work in the incredibly short space of some thirteen months, driving the invader from our soil, pursuing and overthrowing him on his own territory, and planting the triumphant banner of his country over the lion standard of England upon the field of the Thames.

In pursuit of this object, he laid down his plan of operations on a base line extending from Upper Sandusky to Fort Defiance, with a common point of concentration at the Rapids of the Miami of the Lakes, and distributing his army into three divisions, the right of which, consisting of the Virginia and Pennsylvania troops, was commanded by himself in person, he directed a simultaneous movement upon that point. By the last of January, through incredible hardships, and after most unexampled toil, this first important step was accomplished, and a general junction effected at the desired place. The army then went into winter quarters; the position was strongly fortified, and the name assigned to it of Camp Meigs, in honor of the governor of Ohio. It was destined to become the theatre of one of the most brilliant events of the war, and if it has not received that distinction which it deserved, it is only because it paled before the superior lustre of the events which followed.

The siege of Fort Meigs is familiar to you all. There are some within the hearing of my voice who were there, and if there be one amongst them who can think of the kindness and the courage of his old commander now, without feeling the blended emotions of pride and affection swelling from his heart and dimming his eye, I have yet to meet with him. I will not, therefore, fatigue you with details. On the 27th of April, the British General Proctor sat down before that position with a large force

of regulars and Indians, amounting to several thousand men, and after opening on it a tremendous fire from three several batteries erected for that purpose, sent in a flag to demand its surrender, as the only means of saving the garrison from the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The reply of General HARRISON was characteristic: "Tell General Proctor that this fort will never surrender to him on any terms. If it should fall into his hands, it will be in such a manner as will do him more honor, and give him larger claims upon the gratitude of his government, than any capitulation." The batteries of the enemy were carried by a well directed and brilliant sortie, and the British general, despairing of success, broke up his camp, and retreated in confusion and disgrace in the direction of Malden. Again, however, did he renew the attempt with a still stronger force, but again was he obliged to abandon it in despair, and take refuge beyond the border. But there was no safety for him there. The indefatigable HARRISON, with his brave frontiersmen, incensed at the barbarities of the savage Proctor, and thirsting for revenge, was on his bloody trail. With the zealous co-operation of the gallant Perry, who had just achieved, with the assistance of HARRISON, his memorable victory on the lake, he embarked his troops—landed them on the Canadian shore—encamped on the ruins of Malden—and pursued, and overtook, and captured his flying enemy on the banks of the Thames. Of the details of that action, I have not leisure to speak. Its result was not less important than honorable to the American arms. It annihilated the British force in Upper Canada, dissolved in the blood of Tecumthe the alliance with the Indian tribes, and wound up the war in a blaze of glory along the whole north-western frontier. Nor did it fail to be properly appreciated by the people. The intelligence of this great victory sped like

lightning over the whole land. The sound of rejoicing was heard on every side. Our cities blazed with bonfires and illuminations. From town and tower the bells rang many a merry peal. The path of the conqueror in the direction of the seat of government was a career of triumph. The victory of HARRISON was pronounced on the floor of Congress to be such an one as "would have secured to a Roman general, in the best days of the Republic, the honors of a triumph;" "the blessings of the thousands of women and children rescued from the scalping-knife of the ruthless savage of the wilderness, and from the still more savage Proctor," were invoked upon his head by the governor of our own state, in these very halls; and the solemn thanks of the nation were awarded to him by the nation's representatives.

With all these honors clustered round his brow, the laureled chief returned to Cincinnati, in January, 1814, to resume the command of his appropriate district. If the judgment of the public had been consulted, it would have assigned to him a higher and more honorable destination. The western horizon, thanks to his heroic efforts and sacrifices, was now clear, and there was no further employment there for such a man as HARRISON. But the war was still raging in the North, and much and deep solicitude was felt amongst the officers and soldiers there, that the chief command, which he had so richly earned, should be bestowed on him. The gallant Perry, who had served as a volunteer aid by the side of HARRISON at the battle of the Thames, in a letter written to him about that period, says, "You know what has been my opinion as to the future commander-in-chief of the army. I pride myself not a little in seeing my prediction so near being verified; yes, my dear friend, I expect to hail you as the chief who is to redeem the honor of our arms in the North." General M'Arthur.

another of his fellow-soldiers, who had served long under his command, in another letter of the same date, written from Albany, declares, "You, sir, stand the highest with the militia of this state of any general in the service. I am confident that no man can fight them to so great an advantage, and I think their extreme solicitude may be the means of calling you to this frontier." The veteran Shelby, a relic of the Revolution, who had fought in some of its bloodiest fields, and had finished his brilliant career of service under HARRISON himself at the Thames, in a letter addressed to President Madison, a short time afterward, expresses the same opinion in much stronger language. "A rumor," he says, "has reached this state, that the commanding general of the Northern army may be removed. The circumstance has induced me to reflect on the subject, and give a decided preference to Major General HARRISON as a successor. Having served a campaign with General HARRISON, by which I have been enabled to form some opinion of his military talents and capacity to command, I feel no hesitation in declaring to you, that I believe him to be one of the first military characters I ever knew; and in addition to this, he is capable of making greater personal exertions than any other officer with whom I have ever served. I doubt not but it will hereafter be found that the command of the North-western army, and the various duties attached to it, has been one of the most arduous and difficult tasks ever assigned to any officer in the United States. Yet he surmounted them all. Impressed with the conviction that General HARRISON is fully equal to the command of the Northern army, should a change take place in that division, I have ventured thus freely to state my opinion of him, that he is a consummate general, and would fill that station with ability and honor; and if, on the other hand, any arrangement should take place in the War

Department which may produce the resignation of General HARRISON, it will be a misfortune which our country will have cause to lament. His appointment to the command of the Northern army would be highly gratifying to the wishes of the Western people." Such was the voluntary testimony of a soldier who had fought under such officers as Gates, and Marion, and Greene.

But the Secretary of War had other views. General HARRISON had offended him, and in return, he was destined for inactive service, as the fruit of all his toils. With the quick sensibilities of a soldier, he had remonstrated with great warmth, against the withdrawal of General Howard from his command, as an invasion of the prerogatives of his rank and station, as the commander of a military district, declaring at the same time, that "apart from the consideration of his duty to the country, he had no other inducement to remain in the army, and that, if those prerogatives were taken from him, he could render no important service, and would much rather be permitted to retire to private life." Another interference, of the like character, with the internal police of his district, in an order issued directly to Major Holmes, one of his subordinate officers, in violation of all military propriety, joined to the persuasion that he was destined to rust in inglorious repose, determined him at once, and he threw up his commission, assigning as a reason therefor, in a letter of the same date, addressed to the President himself, that he could hold it no longer with a proper regard to his own feelings or honor. It was accepted by the Secretary, in the absence of the President and very much to his regret; and thus the nation was deprived of the military services of the only general who had then shed lustre on its arms.

But those services were too valuable to be dispensed with altogether. The President of the United States

seized upon the earliest occasion which presented itself, to testify his unabated confidence in the western chief, by appointing him, during the same summer, in conjunction with Governor Shelby and General Cass, to negotiate a treaty with the Indians at Greenville; and in the next following year, he was placed at the head of another commission of the like character, arising out of the final termination of the war with Great Britain. In both instances he acquitted himself with the same signal credit which had attended all his diplomatic efforts in that direction.

His long period of public service in the employment of the general government having now ended with the return of peace, General HARRISON retired to his farm on the Ohio, for the purpose of devoting himself to the pursuits of private life, and repairing those losses which had resulted from his patient and uninterrupted devotion to the service of the country. But he was not long permitted to enjoy the quiet or repose which he sought. The public voice again assigned to him a place in Congress, where he remained until the year 1819, when he was elected to the Senate of the state of Ohio, from which he was translated in the year 1824 to a seat in the Senate of the United States, as one of the representatives of the giant state which had sent him in its infancy to the public councils, in the humble capacity of its first territorial delegate. Of his services there, it would be impossible to discourse at large within the brief space which is allowed me. It is enough to say, that they were entirely worthy of his ancient fame—his large experience, his cultivated understanding, and his remarkable readiness and power as a debater, placing him at once in a commanding position in that august assembly.

In the latter part of the year 1828, he received from Mr. Adams the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary

to the Republic of Colombia, from which post he was recalled early in the following year, without the opportunity of distinguishing his mission by any other incident than the publication of his celebrated letter to Bolivar. On his return, he repaired again to his humble but beautiful retreat on the Ohio, where he continued to enjoy that repose which was so necessary to his toil-worn frame, until the voice of the nation again summoned him from his retirement, to preside over the destinies of this great empire.

The rest of the story is soon told. He obeyed the summons: the West surrendered its chief into the arms of the Republic, and already he sleeps with his fathers, and a sorrowing nation weeps over his tomb. He has gone down—he, the survivor of so many conflicts, who has so often ridden unharmed on the fiery breath of the battle field—has gone down—not in the shock of contending armies, not amid the thunders of the fight, but rather like some ancient oak, which has breasted the tempest for a thousand years, and then falls in the stillness and solitude of the forest, with all its branching honors about its head. If the hopes and prayers of a great people could have averted the impending blow, it would not have fallen. But the approaches of the destroyer had no terrors for him. He had already encountered him in a thousand forms. No unseemly struggle,—no shrinking of the flesh—no darkening of the spirit—characterized the final rupture of that tie, which wedded the immortal occupant to the frail tenement which it had animated and illuminated for nearly seventy years. It went down like a tranquil sunset, and as it was shedding its last parting rays upon the mansion which it had so long inhabited, it flashed for a moment upward, cleared the film from the darkening eye, and showed that the last thoughts of the patriot were turned upon his country.

“I wish you to understand the true principles of this government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.” It was his dying testament to his successor. May it be executed in the spirit in which it was delivered!

Having thus accompanied the illustrious man, whose loss we so deeply lament, down to the last closing scene of a long and eventful life, it only remains to gather from the varied picture which that life presents, a few of the leading traits which mark the individual, and, added to his public services, assist in distinguishing him from his compeers, and taking him out of the roll of ordinary men.

Of the character of General HARRISON as a military man, it will be scarcely necessary to speak. The judgment of his contemporaries is already before you, and there is no appeal but to that august tribunal which will pronounce its decision through the voice of impartial history. If, however, success is to be regarded as the true criterion of ability in this kind, that voice must assign to him a high rank amongst our military commanders. To him belongs the distinguished merit of being one of the very few leaders who, during a long period of service, have born the flag of our country in triumph over many a field, and never suffered it to bow in dishonor in one. It has been publicly remarked of him, by one who was a gallant and successful soldier himself, that “he had been longer in active service than any other general officer—was perhaps oftener in action than any of them, and had never sustained a defeat.” But if results are to be compared with means, how transcendent must his merit appear! He had armies to create, to organize, and to supply—of materials which were ever changing, and of men who were not habituated to obedience. The men whom he commanded were no hireling soldiery, no mer-

cenaries, whose blood could be measured, and weighed, and counted out in drachms. They were men like ourselves, of all trades and professions, who had taken up arms in defense of their homes and their firesides, their wives and their children. They constituted, moreover, the only defense of the frontier, and their lives were not to be thrown away on calculation, or the safety of that frontier jeopardized by a general action at any disadvantage. To General HARRISON it was not permitted, as to Napoleon, to win his victories, or cover himself with laurels, at the rate of ten thousand men a day. It was incumbent on him to accommodate himself to circumstances, to husband carefully his resources, to be on all occasions wary, circumspect and prudent, and to adopt that Fabian policy which had conducted us so triumphantly through the war of the Revolution, and which won for him the exalted title of "the Washington of the West." In his personal character, too, were most admirably blended all those elements, which, by their well tempered and judicious intermixture, constitute the high talent of military command. A happy mixture of caution and courage—remarkable coolness and self-possession in danger—an inexhaustible fertility of resources—great decision of character—high powers of combination, and equally high powers of physical endurance—together with a kindness of heart and manners, which secured the affections of his soldiery to such an extent, that, in the language of a historian of the late war, "his men would have fought better and suffered more with him, than with any other general in America"—were among his leading qualities. To these, also, may be added an ardent love for his profession, and an assiduous devotion to the study of military science, which distinguished him even in his noviciate in arms. But he could scarcely be considered a soldier by profession. It was only when the country

required a defender, that he was induced to take the field, and when the exigency was over he invariably returned again to the walks of civil life.

Nor were his excellencies less conspicuous there. As a statesman, he occupied a high rank in the councils of the nation. With a ready eloquence, which was never at fault, and a voice of great compass and power, joined to a lively imagination, and the rich and varied stores of a well cultivated and well regulated mind, he never spoke without commanding the attention of his audience, and never failed to make an impression wherever he was heard; and he has left behind him some memorials of his ability, that are among the finest specimens of intellectual effort which embellish the register of our congressional debates. General HARRISON was a natural orator. With him it was an original gift. His lip was touched with the living fire which art may improve, but no study can ever impart. Endowed, like some of the Athenian generals, with a ready faculty of communicating his ideas, and remarkable powers of language and illustration, his thoughts flowed smoothly, and freely, and strongly, and without effort or constraint. He was, perhaps, the only one of our military commanders who has indulged in the practice of oral addresses to his troops; and if any evidence were wanting of the effect of his oratory, it might be found in many instances throughout his military career. His suppression of a mutiny amongst the Kentucky levies at Fort Wayne, is one of the most remarkable. His sudden appearance among the excited soldiery—his strong, affectionate, impressive and eloquent appeal to the pride and patriotism of the Kentucky troops—and the immediate return of those brave men to their duty—compose one of the most striking pictures of the effects of popular eloquence which can be found on record.

Nor was he less distinguished as a writer. His general orders and his dispatches, written as they were without premeditation, and frequently upon a drum-head, are among the clearest and most forcible which have ever emanated from any of our commanders; and his occasional papers, among which may be enumerated his Report on the Militia—his disquisition on the Aborigines of the Valley of the Ohio—his Lectures on Agriculture—and his famous letter to Bolivar—are so elegant in diction, so replete with classical allusion, and so rich in rhetorical beauty, that they would do honor to any man in the country.

But there is more in the character of this distinguished man than perhaps history will ever chronicle, or any other than the faithful pen of biography will ever portray. It was a sentiment of his own, that “the successful warrior is no longer regarded as entitled to the first place in the temple of fame, and that to be esteemed eminently great, it is necessary to be eminently good.” And well may he submit his reputation beyond the grave, to that high ordeal which he has himself prescribed. It will impair none of his titles to the distinction which has been bestowed on him by his countrymen. He will pass through it, not merely unharmed, but purified, exalted and ennobled—surrounded with a bright halo of moral beauty, which will throw all his laurels as a warrior into the shade. If he was without fear as a soldier, he was without reproach as a citizen. If his high qualities, and successful career as a general, entitled him to be styled “the Washington of the West,” the resemblance did not end there. His private character, like Washington’s, was without spot or blemish. Like him, he was, in all his relations, kind, generous and humane, with the integrity of a Fabricius, and a “chastity of honor” which would have been worthy of a Bayard. In

war, he was a very minister of mercy. He suffered no harsh or ignominious punishments to be inflicted on his troops. His argument was reason—his chastisement, reproof. He pardoned them when they erred, and he taught them to be merciful like himself, even in their collisions with the enemy. “Let an account of murdered innocence be opened in the records of heaven against our enemies alone. The American soldier will follow the example of his government, and the sword of the one will not be raised against the fallen and helpless, nor the gold of the other be paid for the scalps of a massacred enemy.” “Kentuckians! Remember the River Raisin; but remember it only while the victory is suspended. The revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified on a fallen enemy.” Such was the sublime and eloquent language of his addresses to his soldiery after the affair of the Massissiniway, and before the battle of the Thames. In the first, he was thanking his brave Pennsylvania volunteers for their humanity; in the second, he was stimulating the countrymen of those who were slaughtered in cold blood at the River Raisin, to a lively but a generous recollection of their wrongs. How noble! How exalted! How far do such sentiments place him above the level of the vulgar hero! And how beautifully did his own conduct correspond! When he passed over into Canada, in the month of October, at the head of his conquering legions, he carried with him no other covering than a blanket strung at his saddle bow; but instead of retaliating the barbarities of the bloody Proctor, it is related of him, that he generously parted with even that blanket, to relieve the sufferings of a wounded British officer, on the very night after the battle of the Thames.

His magnanimity was not less conspicuous than his humanity. On the only occasion wherein his integrity was ever questioned, after vindicating his honor by an

action in which the most exemplary damages were awarded to him, he bestowed one-third of the amount on the orphan children of his fellow-soldiers who had fallen in battle, and remitted the remainder to the very individual who had injured him. He was capable even of pardoning the assassin who had hired his steel to strike at his own life, on the eve of his engagement on the Wabash. No vindictive feeling ever found a habitation in his bosom. No stormy passion ever tossed it into wrath. It was the dwelling place of none but the gentle affections. He treasured up no dark remembrance of wrong; he carried with him into his high office no feelings of personal unkindness even toward those who had warred most bitterly against him; and the universal sorrow which now overspreads this land, furnishes the highest assurance that he who knew no hate—no feeling which a man might blush to own—has died, as he deserved, without an enemy.

But who shall tell of the many private virtues, which surrounded and sanctified his fire-side? Who shall relate the noble deeds of charity, which diffused their influence around his hospitable home? There is no record kept on earth of the sorrows of the humble, and none which can disclose the quiet and unpretending ministry which relieves the wants of the distressed; but well did the unfortunate know the heart which was ever alive to the appeals of suffering, and the hand which was ever open to the cry of distress. The tales which have been told in illustration of this beautiful trait in the character of General HARRISON, are many of them so unlike any thing which we have been accustomed to see around us, as to have been regarded by many as mere fables. Incredible, however, as they may have seemed, some of the most incredible were true. That the same may be said of most of them I verily believe,

and so too will those who remember that one of the very last acts of his life was an act of the purest and noblest charity toward a poor seaman, with whom accident alone had made him acquainted.

If he had any fault, it was his exceeding generosity, his unparalleled disinterestedness, his utter disregard of self. As Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he declined the perquisites which had been usual in that office. For his important services on the Wabash, he neither asked nor received compensation. As commander-in-chief of the army, the deficiency of his pay, arising from his liberal hospitality and his private charity, was supplied out of his own private resources; and a committee of Congress in 1817, bore honorable testimony to the fact that his private fortune had suffered very materially from his devotion to the public interests. For reasons such as these, and with opportunities of amassing wealth such as few men in this country have ever enjoyed—which he refused to improve, because he was a public officer—he has died poor—not in the gratitude of his countrymen—but poor in worldly wealth, and the Republic which so lately received him from the arms of his family, has returned nothing but his ashes to those who looked up to him for protection. While the nation mourns, there is one—the bereaved—the companion of his early manhood and the witness of his recent fame—who heeds not the voice of eulogy or the funeral pomp, but weeps, as did Rachel of old, in solitude by the waters of the Ohio. The nation cannot return to her what it received; it cannot re-animate the generous and affectionate heart which is now cold; but it can throw its sheltering arms over the heads of the afflicted; and shall it not, out of its abundance, relieve the lone and disconsolate one—the partner of him who has served it so long and so well—in the hour of her darkness and tribulation? If HAR-

RISON had lived, and she had been the relict of another who had served and died like him, he would have been the first himself to have appealed in her behalf to the generous sympathies of the nation.

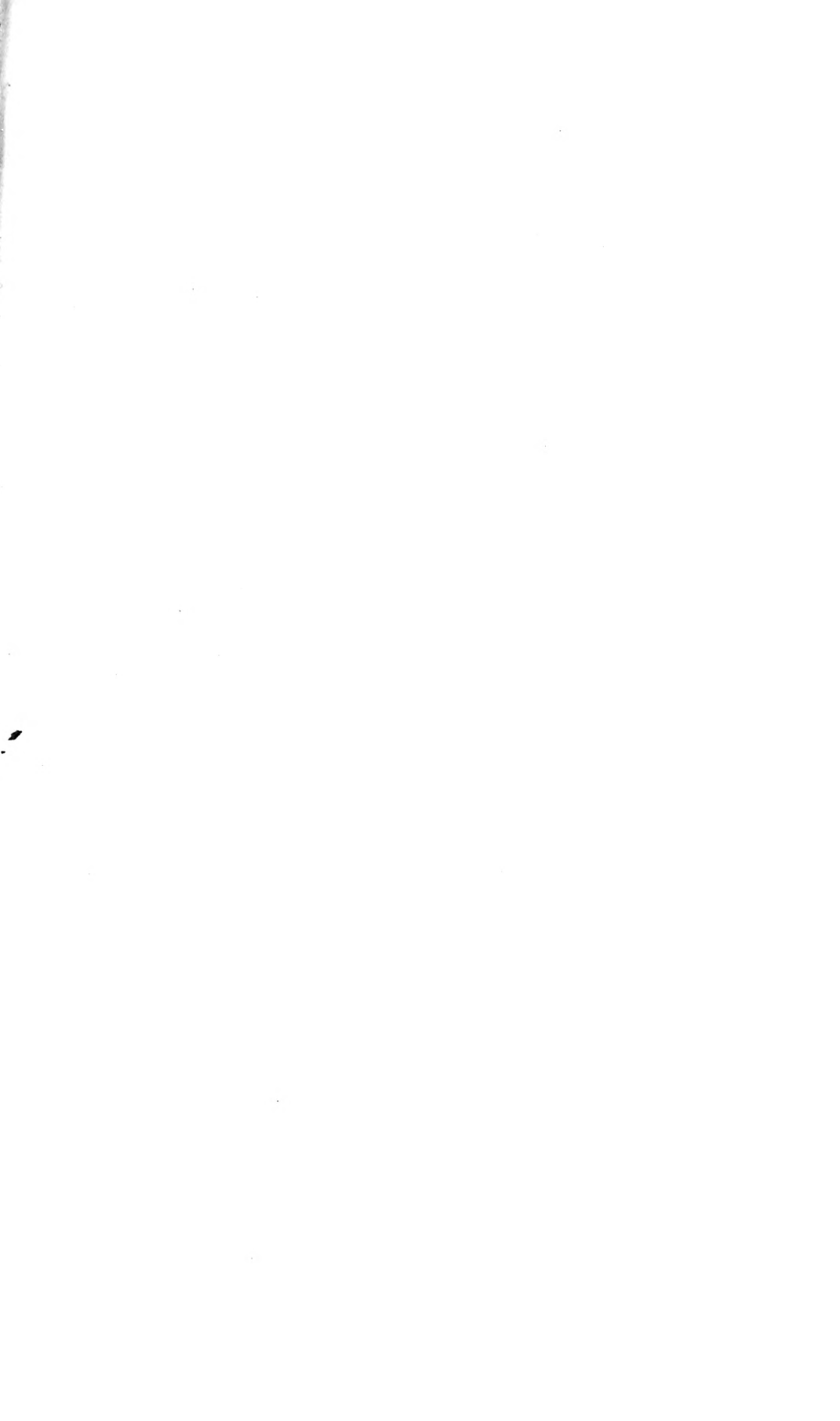
But I can dwell no longer upon this attractive theme. All these high qualities—all these rare endowments—all these exalted and ennobling virtues, have perished with the manly heart around which they were so richly clustered. HARRISON is no longer among the living; his name now belongs to history. He has taken his place in the national Pantheon; he is enrolled in the list of the illustrious dead. Another of the remaining links which still connect us with the heroic age of the Revolution is sundered. The father and the son—the signer of the immortal Declaration, and his still more illustrious offspring—now stand side by side. The fame of the younger, like that of the elder Harrison, is now one of the family jewels of the country. But it lives not merely in the records of the past; it still lingers in the affections and memories of the living. And so it does now, and so it will continue to linger in the hearts of those who hear me. I recognize no exception. I fear not the intrusion of any unkind recollection, any unhallowed or irreverent thought, into a scene like this. The father of our Republic is no more, and we, his children, are assembled around the funeral urn, to gaze for the last time, upon the pallid and death-smitten features of him who has but just departed. It is not HARRISON the candidate—it is HARRISON the President—it is the Commander of our armies—it is the young Ensign of Maumee—it is the soldier of Tippecanoe—it is the conqueror at the Thames—and *we*, we are Americans, who now do honor to his memory. It is a nation which mourns—it is the chief of a mighty people who has fallen. The deep, and pure, and beautiful fountain of American feeling has

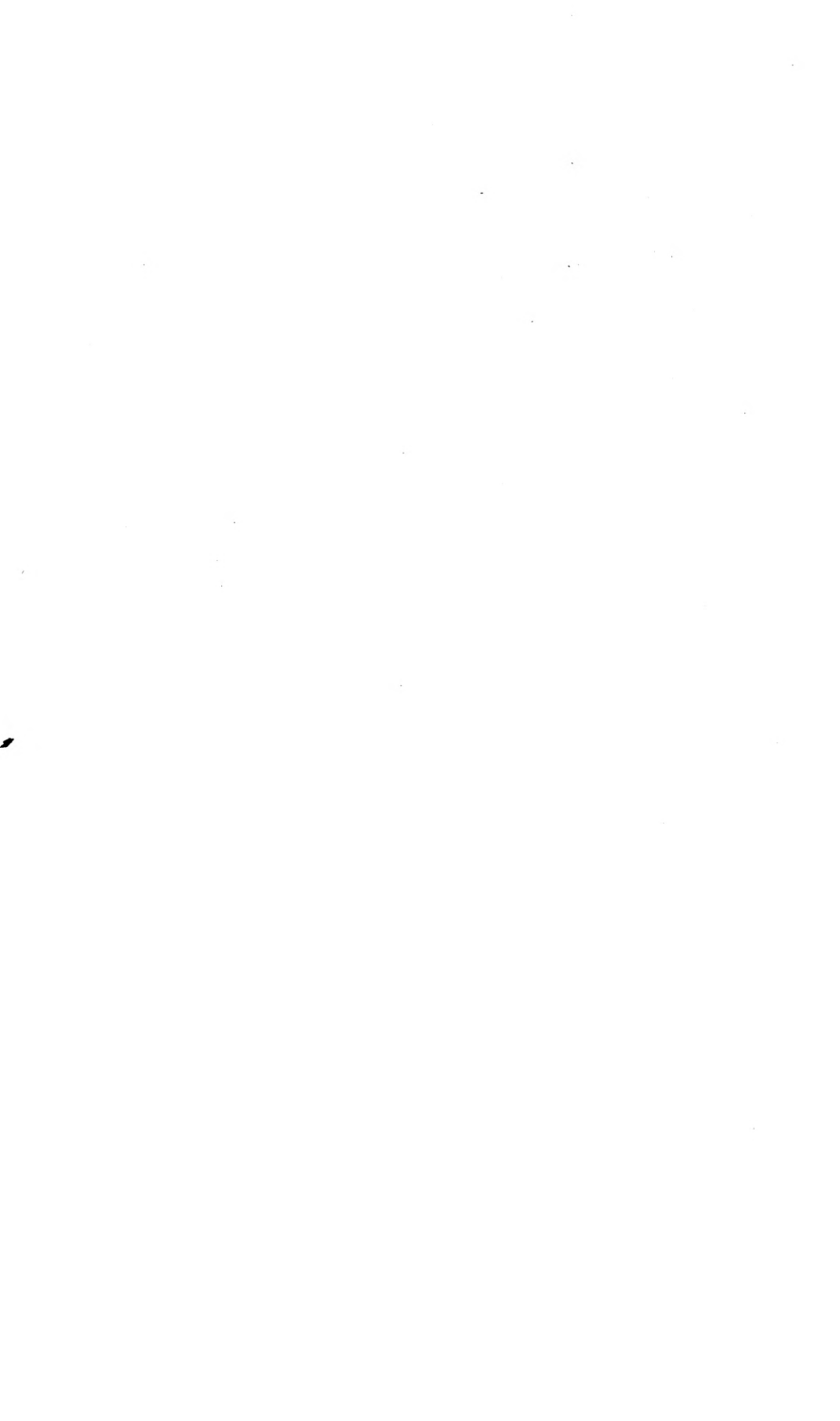
welled up at the general shock of this great calamity, and the grand moral spectacle is now exhibited, of a whole people in tears. Who would not die so to be lamented, and so to live hereafter? The loss is not his, who has been thus embalmed, but ours. The providence which has afflicted us has not been unkind to him. He has been reserved for the enjoyment of the highest honors of the Republic, as though it had been merely to secure to him a niche in that immortal gallery which belongs to our canonized dead; and he has been removed from the labors and responsibilities of his high station, with no hope disappointed, no confidence impaired, but with the first flush of the popular honors—the high, the crowning reward of a long life of public service—yet lingering freshly on his brow. The gift which you have conferred on him, was but the passport to all time. The Republic has lost a President—but HARRISON is immortal.

To us, however, who remain, the fruits of this visitation may not be unwholesome. The calamity which we deplore, is one which has been reserved for the present generation. The hand of Providence has never fallen upon us as a people, thus heavily before. The great and good men who have successively been called to preside over the affairs of this Republic, have, with only two or three exceptions, returned to their kindred dust; but the death of a President of these United States at any period of the administration of his high trust, is a circumstance which has no precedent in our history as a nation. It does not, however, become us to murmur or repine. We may lament over our national, as it is permitted to us over our domestic bereavements, because a reasonable grief is not inconsistent with a due submission to the will of HIM, who blesses while he afflicts; but it is not for us to gainsay the councils of eternity, or to rebel against the dispensations of that high and inscrutable power, which shapes the destinies of men and nations,

according to its own sovereign and unquestionable will. It becomes us the rather to rejoice, that the blow under which our infancy would have reeled, has been graciously spared for the noon of our manhood, and the meridian of our strength. It deserves to be considered only as another manifestation of that superintending care which led our ancestors through the perils of the Revolution, and has since shone out in the darkest periods of our history, like a pillar of fire, to conduct this chosen people of God, toward the accomplishment of the high destiny for which they have been evidently reserved. If it has succeeded in humbling us again into the reverential posture which becomes an afflicted people, and gathering us once more, like our fathers, around the common altar of our country, it has accomplished much already. If it shall be instrumental in demonstrating the self-sustaining powers, and developing another of the latent beauties of our admirable but experimental system of government, it will accomplish still more. It has already taught the kings of the earth, in the universal swell of public sorrow which has heaved the bosom of this nation, and drowned even the resentments of party, that the prejudices of royalty which surround and fortify their thrones, are but as dust in the balance, when compared with the unbought and unpurchasable affections of a free people. It will then teach them, as we weather in safety the dangerous headland of a new succession, under untried circumstances, that no bloody convulsion, such as often attends the transfer of an iron sceptre, here awaits the demise of the popular crown. It will teach them, too, that the spirits of the honored and the trusted dead, still walk amongst us, to quicken, to animate, to counsel, and to direct—and uniting in undying counsel, the wisdom of the dead with the affectionate reverence of the living, it will bind the crown of immortality about the brow of our young Republic.

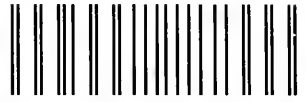
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